Which have ſolicited : the reſt in ſilence.
Hora. Now cracks a noble heart, good night ſweet
And flight of Angels ſing thee to thy reſt. (Prince,
Why does the drum come hither ?
Enter Fortinbraſſe, with the Embaſſadors.
Fort. Where is this ſight ?
Hor. What is it you would ſee ?
If ought of woe or wonder, ceaſe your ſearch ?
For. This quarry cryes on havock : O proud death,
What feaſt is toward in thine infernall Cell,
That thou ſo many Princes at a ſhot
So bloudily haſt ſtrooke ?
Embaſ. The ſight is diſmall,
And our affaires from *England* come too late,
The eares are ſenſeleſſe that ſhould gives us hearing.
To tell him his commandement is fulfill'd,
That *Roſencraus* and *Guyldenſtern* are dead,
Where ſhould we have our thanks ?
Hor. Not from his mouth,
Had it th'ability of life to thanke you ;
He never gave commandement for their death.
But ſince ſo jumpe upon this bloody queſtion
You from the *Pollack* wars, and you from *England*
Are here arrived, give order that theſe bodies
High on a ſtage be placed to the view,
And let me ſpeake to'th yet unknowing world
How theſe things came about ; ſo ſhall you heare
Of cruell, bloody, and unnaturall acts,
Of accidentall judgements, caſuall ſlaughters,
Of deaths put on by cunning, and for no cauſe,
And in this upſhot, purpoſes miſtooke,
Falne on the inventors heads : all this can I
Truely deliver.
Fort. Let us haſte to heare it,
And call the nobleſt to the audience :
For me, with ſorrow I embrace my fortune,
I have ſome rights of memory in this kingdome,
Which now to claime my vantage doth invite me.

Hora.